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Choice Poetry.

AFFECTION'S PRAYER.

BY L. M. SMITH.

Let me be loved: I ask no higher boon,
Oh! glorious Earth, from all thy store of sweets;
Though bright they be, alas, alas, too soon
The canker-worm into their being eats,
And they lie crushed and dead.
When I like them have fled;
Like them the mantle of corruption wear,
Let this be proved,
That on my grave there fell the silent tear—
That I was loved!

I know the dew-drop will lament my fate—
The cypress mourn, and o'er my tombstone wave;
That winds will sigh, and to the stars relate
How one more form hath sought the quiet grave;
For these, oh, Earth, declare
Thy passion and thy tear,
As one by one each son of thine departs:
Let this be proved
That thou but echoest grief of human hearts—
That I was loved!

Will there be eyes to weep that I have fled—
Voices to sorrow that I am no more—
That the lone hearth no longer hears my tread,
That my dim shadow darkens not the door,
And at the festal bower,
At evening's quiet hour,
No voice of mine sounds out its welcome note
Will this be proved,
That in some ear those tones will ever float—
That I was loved?

Let me be loved: then, Fame, thy fleeting breath
Might come and go, as best might suit thy mind;
I could forego thy fading crown, thy wreath,
And in some heart a sure, sweet refuge find;
There in its deepest cell,
I could contented dwell,
Nor change, nor time, disturbing my repose,
And this be proved,
That life no greater gift on man bestows,
Than to be loved!

Let me be loved: I crave no monument,
Ambition, from thy hand to guard my dust—
No blazing scroll with wordy praise besprent,
No sculptured niche wherein to place my bust,
But I would fain receive,
(What thou canst never give,)
A living shrine whereon to carve my name;
And this be proved
That in the lapse of years I still could claim
That I was loved!

Let me be loved: I then could leave the earth,
Could bid thee, Life, a long, a last farewell;
Could hail thee, Death, and chronicle thy worth
And to the yawning grave thy virtues tell.
Then could my spirit soar,
On wings untried before,
Through boundless space, and revel in delight;
So this were proved,
That as my spirit took its heavenward flight,
I still was loved!

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE PHANTOM'S WARNING.

"Let me gaze for a moment that e'er I die
I may read thee, lady, a prophecy.
That brow may beam in glory awhile,
That cheek may bloom and that lip may smile,
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow
And sorrow blight that bosom's glow."
Miss L. Davidson.

Scarcely was the school dismissed the next evening, before the carriage of Mrs. Gardiner Green drew up before the door. The liveried footman of Mrs. Gardiner Green descended from behind and opened the door and let down the steps, and Mrs. Gardiner Green hereby alighted and entered the hall. Sophie received the pompous lady at the door; Mrs. Gardiner Green took the poor girl in her arms and kissed her, then *conducted* rather than followed her into the parlor. They sat down. After a little preliminary conversation the lady began:

"My dearest Miss Churchill, I have come at the suggestion of our mutual friend and reverend pastor, Mr. Withers, to offer you any aid or advice that the present crisis of your circumstances may demand. Now no blushing, my dear Miss

[...]

eye runs from his book and fixes on my face—I—oh!—I can't tell you, but at the very idea of marrying him I grow deadly sick and faint."

Mrs Gardiner Green, with her obtuse sensibilities, did not understand this, but she answered

"There is no one to compel you to do justice to Mr. Withers, Miss Churchill; no one to force your inclinations in any way; still, as your mother's friend, I must advise you to bring no reproach upon her memory by your lightness of conduct—as your brother's friend I must entreat you not to injure the prospects of his young daughter by your selfishness; and as the friend of Mr. Withers I must conjure you not to destroy his usefulness by your fickleness and unfaithfulness."

She continued to talk, using all the arguments of a hard woman of the world, with a nervous, sensitive, and somewhat visionary girl, and at the end of two hours more, left Sophie very well prepared to receive, or *rather*, very incapable of resisting her destiny and her master. It was near sunset when the lady's carriage rolled away from the door. When she was gone Sophie sank down on the steps of the piazza, and resting her elbows on her knees, dropped her face in the palms of her hands, and gave herself up to despair; she sat there until the sun went down, she sat until the stars came out; she sat there until she felt a light hand fall upon the top of her head, she looked up, and the phantom of the forest dell stood before her; the same wan spectral face, the same large intense blue eyes, blazing in their hollow sockets, surrounded by their livid bluish circle, the same streaming yellow hair, with its streaks of grey, the same emaciated claw-like fingers. Her intense gaze sought and met Sophie's eyes, and she knew that her visitor was a denizen of earth. She remained gazing into Sophie's eyes a minute, and then she broke forth with terrible energy

"*Do not marry him!*—risk, suffer anything but that. *Do not marry him!*—be true to your instincts—they warned you at your first meeting, they warn you now—be true to your instincts! They were given you of God for your protection, it is a sin—it is a sin to disregard them! and the punishment!—the punishment will be more than you can bear!—a broken heart!—a maddened brain!—at least—*at least* a blighted life! Look at me!"

She tore the mantle from her breast and displayed a skeleton form, to which the tight skin clung.

"Who are you, in the name of Heaven?"

"I am—a shadow—a memory—a *warning*!—I was—his wife!"

"Great God!"

Sophie raised her eyes just in time to see the tall figure of the minister near the shadowy woman, and his strong hand fall upon her shoulder. He had approached unperceived. She shrieked—sprang from under his grasp, and fled towards the river. He looked after her in dismay—apparently with an impulse of pursuit. When she had disappeared over the cliff, and down the bank, he turned to Sophie.

"Who is that woman, Sophie?"

"Your wife!" said the girl, raising her eyes bravely, now, to meet his gaze.

"You were always a little brain-sick, Miss Churchill, but really this—or perhaps you are only jesting."

"Do I look like jesting? Is yonder unfortunate a *subject for jest*?"

"Then you are clearly insane—moon-struck as your lunatic visitor; pray can you tell me what put such an extravagant idea into your head?"

"*Her own word.*"

"'Her own word'—the mad fancy of a maniac!"

"At least, Mr. Withers, you will not think of pressing your suit, or even renewing a single visit after such a revelation."

"Will I not? I have two urgent duties to perform now; one is to seek that strolling lunatic, and have her taken care of; the other to hasten our marriage, Sophie, that everything seems to endanger, from naval officers to strolling maniacs."

"She is your wife! I know she is! Every glance into your face deepens the conviction I feel."

"Do you not know that I lost my wife while living in the North?"

"You lost her—but how?—by *death*? Possessions and persons are lost sometimes, and *found* again. Nothing but the grave is inexorable. Come, has the grave enclosed your wife?"

"Insulting! insolent! take care, Sophie, you are heaping up wrath against a day of wrath."

"*You are!* Were this incident known in the neighborhood—"

"You would be laughed to scorn for your credulity—*nonsense*, Sophie! were the letters I brought here of so little weight? was the approbation, the warm friendship of the venerable and sainted May, of such little worth, that the fancies of a moon-struck woman should be able to injure me? or should change my views and purposes towards you? Come, Sophie, it is best that you understand me. *I have no wife.* I assure you, upon my honor—my untarnished truth, Sophie, that I have no wife; and I *must* have you! Your hand is the one thing that I wish on earth! and I *must*, *must* have it—*will* have it."

Sophie was weeping bitterly. He stooped down, took her chin in his hand, and raised her tearful face, then sat beside her and said, more gently than

[...]

Our Picture Gallery.

GARIBALDI.

We furnish our readers this week with a likeness of Garibaldi, the spirited and heroic Roman chieftain. The "Sun" of this city has the following facts from G. F. Secchi de Casali, who knows him well, having been in constant correspondence with him while in South America.—It is a mistake of the Cincinnati papers that this Italian patriot was formerly a resident of that city. He has never been in the United States. He left Genoa in 1832 having previously held an office in the Sardinian navy, and was a member of the society of "Young Italy," with Mazzini and others. Although long suspected by the government for his fearless advocacy of republicanism, the immediate cause of his flight was this. He had, with others, undermined the St. Charles Theatre at Genoa, for the purpose of blowing it up with gunpowder, when the king and royal family should be present. This unjustifiable plot having been discovered, he went at night, in his naval uniform, on board a merchant vessel bound for Montevideo.

The captain being absent, he stated that he had been ordered by the government to assume the command of the ship in his place. This ruse succeeded, and upon his arrival at Montevideo he explained the cause of his flight, and entered into the popular cause there. He soon rose to the rank of General, and fought many battles—the principal of which was that of St. Antonio, where, with three hundred men, he defeated Rosas, who had surrounded him with three thousand.

A correspondent of the London Illustrated News says, he saw Garibaldi the day he left Rome. He is a remarkably quiet looking person, but wonderfully picturesque: he wore a white sort of cloak, lined with red, and having a green collar; it had plenty of bullet holes in it. There was no opening visible in the garment, he puts it on like a shirt, over his head, like the *poncho*, or South American cloak. His trowsers were common grey, with a green stripe; and a black slouched hat and feather complete the costume.

Garibaldi escaped on the night of the 2nd, at sunset. Finding that he was to be excluded from the amnesty, he announced in the morning his intention to withdraw, with all his own band, and as many others of the free corps as were inclined to join him. "Invitations," says the Times' correspondent, "were accordingly sent by him to the other bands, and, in fact, in the course of the afternoon of the 2nd, he found himself at the head of 4,000 infantry and 500 horse, with whom he was either determined to make a stand in the Abruzzi, or cut his way, it is said, to Venice. Garibaldi is a thorough soldier, a sailor, and a pure patriot. His country all love him, and those who know him personally idolize him.

[...]

properly could be kept, in fact up to this moment, I have kept his secret; believing that if he knew it to be revealed, his proud and sensitive nature would be so shocked and humiliated that the light of reason would go out; that he would become a raving maniac. But Miss Churchill, when I saw another person, a young girl, about to be sacrificed to him, (for my father wrote to me at College of his approaching marriage, not deeming that I would interfere,) I deemed it my duty to interpose, at least to talk to Miss Churchill. Now, Miss Churchill, you have your own fate and his in your power; reveal his secret, save yourself. No one in the world could blame you for separating yourself from him.

Sophie remained with her head pressed upon her knee, as still she might have been taken for a statue.

"I am ready, Miss Churchill, to aid your release by my testimony. Your marriage can be dissolved in a few days by legislative action; do not be sad so, dear."

"Oh! stop, hush!" said Sophie, "let me think—let me think. My God! help thy child!"

She pressed her hand upon her brow tightly, then she spoke:

"Say! you think the revelation of this secret would affect him very seriously?"

"It would destroy his reason utterly, irreversibly, I think."

"Are my fears this malady is accidental, circumstantial and not hereditary?"

"Entirely—absolutely—the result of overwhelming affliction."

Sophie sighed deeply. "It is hard to ask others to contribute his father; yet perhaps—all the more, such them sufferers brought—dear by his sin!"

The proud head bowed down, ground heavily, and at last hesitatingly replied,

"No, not by his sin, that were too harsh a term, but by his misfortune, his misery. Sophie sighed deeply.

"Young man, you are the son of Fanny Ray-mond; who was Fanny Raymond?" inquired Sophie.

"She was the wife of Mr. Wilmore—of course."

"What did she die, and under what circumstances?"

The youth abruptly turned and hurried from the parlor, walked discreetly up and down the piazza before if for some minutes, then returning, said in a hurrying tone to Sophie—

"Do not ask—do not ask me. I beg of you—for it—your—your sake—and that of Mr. Wilmore—do not ask me to his wife. Come, Sophie Churchill, I am ready to go with you to the house and my self, and if really needful, will be his accomplice company there that I have said to you. Come!"

"No," said Sophie, pausing, her head thoughtfully before her knee, "Stop—stop," then after awhile she held out one hand behind her to where the youth was standing, and said, with earnest, come to me—let beside me—under your honest heart to you, your boy. Come—I am your friend, tell me now why do you wish to save me by exposing Mr. Wilmore?"

He came and sat beside her, and fixing his sad blue eyes upon her face, said,

"That I might not be necessary to your misery, Miss Churchill. I have kept his secret and borne the risk of concealment myself; I had no right to suffer the life of another to be ruined by my silence."

Sophie sighed again, with her head bowed upon her hand, and asked—

"Is he ever so violent and dangerous then?"

"No, not positively violent but dangerous. I fear, Miss Churchill."

"He has never seriously had an attack since he has been here."

"You do not know—has he never been absent for a few days, when no one knew where he was, or, for in his reserve he would not reveal his business, and no one dared ask him."

"Ah! at such times, warned by the premonitory symptoms of his disease, he secluded himself—perhaps in the depths of the forest—where there he himself on board of a packet and slipped up to Baltimore."

"Oh! how wretched, how wretched he must have been, must still be, with no one here to whom he dare trust his dreadful secret."

"And is it possible, Miss Churchill, that no one suspected it himself—no eccentricity of manner discovered in betray him to those that were about him every day?"

Sophie took his delicate hand in hers, and pressing it kindly, said—

"Raymond, do not call me Miss Churchill, or speak to me as a stranger, or as an indifferent acquaintance; I am no no longer, you must love me, and confide in me, Raymond—yes and I have a husband and a lady duty to perform."

"I see," said he, with a bitter sigh, "I must go and make this known. Oh, my unhappy father!"

"Poor boy, you have misunderstood me; did you think," she said, passing her hand over his tumbled brow, smoothing away the golden ringlets and looking kindly in his face, "did you think that I was going selfishly to expose and abandon your father? No, Raymond—no, poor boy—I am weak, and conscious yet cowardly, but never cruel or selfish—I never wantonly destroyed the smallest insect, or wounded purposely, the worst or the lowest human being, and since I have been sitting here Raymond, I know not what evil of a strange strength has entered and will serve your natural just now a providential, and with your words the spirit of God has descended upon me. The Lord gives me wisdom enough to be His aide, and endowed me with strength to do His will. And you are my co-laborer, Raymond. To them the wounds of this poor warrior, broken and bruised, bleeding and fainting on the field of the battle of life; to raise and nurse him back to life and health—this is our work."

How beautiful she looked in her young devotion, —the moonlight fell upon her fair, pure brow, clothing it with an angelic radiance.

"Oh, but, the sacrifice, will you immolate yourself thus, Miss Churchill?"

"Stranger! but I do not feel it as such; I feel lifted up, elevated, strengthened, filled with light and a strange joy."

"Beautiful inspired one!" exclaimed the boy, with enthusiasm.

"Come," said Sophie, rising, "let us return to the house—I shall be missed, did your father expect you?"

"He wrote that I might come if I pleased—but has he never mentioned me, Miss Churchill?"

"Never."

"Why was that?"

"Abominable—unpardonable—something."

"Come with me then, I will present you to him."

"Oh, Miss Churchill—gentle Sophie—do you feel no lenient resentment towards my unhappy father for the marriage into which he has led you?"

"None in the world! It not his reason clouded—his thoughts all jaded and out of tune? No, I feel that he has not by to harm, a blind impulse really by Providence, to the only one who could screw him back to health of mind and body. Raymond, we can cure this sick heart—clear this clouded brain—restore him to the home!"

And they left the arbor, and took their way towards the house.

During the interview, a revelation had taken place in Sophie's soul, all her deep religious feeling, her latent powers for self-devotion, her sublime, her heavenward, had been called into life. Tears ushered by pity and inspired by her own high ideal of duty, she determined to devote herself to the tranquility of his stricken and tortured life with one purpose—the restoration of mental and physical health. She passed from the arbor on person or reluctant leave, but a high-souled devotion, in the possession of her whole soul and mind. Her love, never before, she had seemed a trembling, shrinking, shrinking virtue, offered in sessions, expiatory sacrifice, now she was a cheerful, self-possessed human soul, who had solved the problem of her life, and had found the secret of happiness.

Among the passions of the human soul is one not often, if ever, mentioned as such by novelists and metaphysicians—the passion of self-devotion. Yet, that that exists and is a power for weal and woe, connected with the others is proved by the large number of human beings who suffer and confer influence for acts in religion, in love, in heart-leave, in philanthropy and patriotism—and it is totally distinct from, and independent of such—a separate passion, sometimes acting alone.

That passion, in its right motion, inspires the highly heroical devotion of the Sister of Charity —to its perverted action, that which the barren enthusiasm of the monk. A philanthropist is governed under the rational influence of this passion, becomes as the Sister of Charity, one of the greatest benefactors of his race—under its irrational influence, becomes as the misguided monk or nun, or as the fanatic, misdirector of dangerous to society.

They returned to the house. Meeting Mrs. Grant there, Sophie led the youth up to her and presented him as the son of Mr. Wilmore, just arrived from college. The lady received him with much courtesy, asked him where she should send for his trunks, and whether he would not prefer being shown into a dressing room before being introduced into the drawing room. Expressing his thanks with a gentle grace, he named the village tavern as the place where his baggage lay, and declining the use of a chamber at present, bowed his leave, and giving his arm to Sophie, passed into the room; the rooms were thinned out considerably—most of the company had strayed out into the gardens and groves.

Mr. Wilmore was standing near the window in conversation with the bishop. Sophie, leaving Raymond at a short distance behind, walked up to him, and laying her small hand upon his arm, said gaily and cheerfully—

"Mr. Wilmore, your son has come at last—you can send him, I believe?"

Wilmore started, more at the cheerful, genial tone in which these words were uttered than at the news they conveyed. The bishop also, whose kindly affectionate nature generally felt a young person's pain into without a moment's or pastor, the bishop turned around, and putting her chin, said archly,

"You have got some pupil, Sophie, that I am pressed to think I was going to keep you when you stand up before me."

But Sophie stepped back, and beckoning Raymond to approach, said to the bishop,

"Now go you do, Raymond! This is my son, Dr. Otterbeck," were the only words of greeting or of introduction bestowed upon the young man by his father. Dr. Otterbeck immediately addressed his conversation to the youth, and Wilmore turning away, and leaned to Sophie's face, her countenance was serene, cheerful, kindly,—what could be the meaning of it? It was at 2 o'clock, and at 5 the ball was to open! Could the wedding be still going forth with the same? Could Sophie have changed her mind, and, assuming from his son brain, have, clearly, the very one of the moral atmosphere, when it shines out, how the vapors are filled how the clouds disperse, how the azure rises and sunshine is let loose?

"All my friends are not upon the lawn—it is almost full. Will you come out, Mr. Wilmore?" she asked.

For the first time since she had known him, with the use of gentle courtesy, with the utmost propriety, he lifted her fair head to his lips, drew her arm within his own and led her out upon the lawn. They sat down upon the bench in the piazza. At first she talked cheerfully of the newest topics of conversation, the company, the night, the dancing, and then, in a low voice, that he subjoined into silence and dejection, she began to talk of herself, of what she had to do that evening—of her own mental feelings of delicacy she could not describe—of fears, of hope, she raised her head between her hands, and sigh after sigh overcame after groan rent his bosom, she poured to the ear of sympathy, and then, with a sudden start, she turned to him, and taking his hand, she grasped it with both hers, and looking up in his face, said—

"Will you be my friend, my brother, my guide? Will you help me to do right?"

"I will I do not understand you; what is the meaning of this? What has brought about this strange, this—ah! but for one fact—bonnet change, this—this—ceremony?"

"That very fact you allude to—that very fact!" she answered, "You have a secret that corrodes and burns your heart not—a dreadful suffering that you may suppress—you have a secret that might and intensify—a fearful malady that being concealed may be accumulated in power—like it to and longer; relieve your smoldering breast, pour all your sorrows into your wife's bosom, and she will be your guardian angel once more. Oh! believe it. Now partly known your secret—she knows that sometimes—I cannot more than suspect—that you have fled your mind—that the clouds gather thick and black—the winds howl—and the lightnings flash—and that all is confusion, danger and terror for a spirit—she also knows that when this storm has passed through your soul, the sun of reason will shine out in its wonted light. She knows all this, and she loves you for knowing us.

He had grown as pale as death while she spoke, his features wearing the expression of despair his eyes were fixed, he dropped his head upon his hands his elbows resting on his knees, and groaned.

"Then it is all at an end, this masquerade. When was it discovered—when?—that did I betray myself Sophie, and who knows of this besides your—your—"

"Except your son, no one knows it, Sophie; I am merciful, or selfish, or proud, and him and running exactly along it keep it from you, Sophie, and I will it from every one else."

"Yes, and increased your own suffering, and that of your son, by the concealment of ours. And, Mr. Wilmore, you would have suffered more in consciousness of your own wrong, and in fear of a scandal. You would have found more difficulty in it, and diminished—done the consequences of your error—have commenced anonymity, you have been a friend and confidant—now you will be at peace, will you not?"

He drew her to his bosom and blessed her. A sensation to enjoy and exhaled all the company. He drew and drawing her arm through his son, entered the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Clippings.

Why people are curious.

"Two bucks who were sitting over a pint of wine, made up for the deficiency of part by the brilliance of their ideas. After many had been passed, one of them took up a nut, and holding it in his friend said, "If this nut were equal, what would it say?" "Why," returned the other, "it would say, give me some wine to crack it."

"Lord Arthur Lennox will at Charleston has been such a depth of over eight hundred feet without a sounding, where sugar has practiced the "cretaceous formation," but to the great disappointment of the thousand of the visitors, he has not appeared.

"Lord Brougham's late resident in the House of Lords has had to receive double as to his senility, his behaviour when sitting on appeals has long been unbecoming, and in any Improper, and in certain cases indecent in the highest degree.

"It is stated that Lord Brougham intends visiting the United States this fall.

"A basket of wheat weighing sixty-two pounds, will contain 210,000 berries.

"The most dangerous kind of bet that has at night is a bet on a sure thing.

"The Book of Esther has ten chapters, but only one hundred and sixty-six lines.

"Galignani's Guide, (a French pamphlet,) says that nearly all the old Parisian families are extinct, and that all the nobility present day are not a thousand persons who can reckon their ancestors further back than the year 1789.

"Coleridge, tracing of the inseparable connection between the moral and the intellectual powers, well as truly, that there are sinners which no man man will treat with reckless while there is a possibility of their finding the way to the conviction and great truth as yet before the heaven.

"The Fourth of July celebration of Independence was read in a certain town in Lancaster, Pa., by the reading of our Declaration of Independence, a Franconian scare, and indignantly asked why Lafayette's name was not there, and made a motion to have it inserted with all speed.

"It has recently been discovered that gas burns very well in the mines of Pennsylvania among glasses.

"The American soldiers receive but four cents a day. Rising their brothers for four cents a day! What an occupation!

"A young ex-convict old lady who always dated from the time "when their house ran away" —to be sure, it was a remarkable begging, and she turned out to be descending it, that "ran away" was a distant reliance on Providence till the wretching ceased to be the gayest of men.

"Trumpery is derived from the French word, tres—trumpery, to deceive.

"As a "fish out of water," the herring is, of all fish, the shortest lived, which gives rise to the vulgar saying of "as dead as a herring."

"Rotary Bay took its name from the great variety of herbs with which it abounds, and was first discovered by Captain Cook in 1770.

"A little boy once rushed into a fight, and after beating the combatants indiscriminately, came one asked him which side he was on. "I beg pardon," was his reply, "I thought it was a free fight."

"Prof. Dr. Johnson, of the Marine-Ch-gurgical Review, tells us, that "the every month" a volume equals in the natural state between seventeen and twenty-one years of age, a year which he tells from the decision of her beauty and personal attractions."

"During one of the recent engagements between the Austrians and Hungarians, near Comorn, a battle-painter, named Lalanzon, was killed by a cannon shot while he was taking a sketch of the fight.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1849.

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TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the commencement Part; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer, we hope to hear that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do it. We think there will be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to examine it with the other weekly papers, will find it to contain at least double the quantity of matter.

All persons addressing letters to us should be under the style of the State as well as of Philadelphia, and the name of the Post Office in full, to prevent any mistake.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to which it has been sent, as well as that to which it is wished it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be under the style of the State as well as of Philadelphia, and the name of the Post Office in full, to prevent any mistake.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Grace Greenwood. Sorry that we must return the poem. Love as do to poetry writing authors has much, you know—it spoils them. Would Mr. Greenwood write always, the like favorably? We might come too!

"Thy word! how like that strongest climb! Upon Othello's neck, that grasp Of arms, Of love and valor!"—Shakspeare.

Ah, even Grace, we fear, must one day yield to "Shakspeare Time," like the rest of her lovely sex. Will you not, Grace, be so kind as to send us the word "margaret" before—in poetry or verse? It will be a favor to us, and we are sure to you, and glad to owe you one.

Mr. Ellis. We cannot say New York correspondent. Could have as many as we could "shake a stick at" from there, but we have not room for such at them all the time; we make them fit opportunities. Sorry to return them.

Mr. Ida's verses are far from contemptible; but, dear Ida, if we may call you so—for we already feel quite familiar with you—you must not be in such a hurry about fame and vanity deciphered manuscript—don't write so much, and so fast. Indeed, there are many more lessons and that have known imitation and severe and be of service, therefore, to you, if you are worthy, in its anguish, of admission and encouragement.

He started up, then dropped into his seat again, exclaiming,

"Sophie! I do not understand you; what is the meaning of this? What has brought about this strange, this—ah! but for one fact—bonnet change, this—this—ceremony?"

"That very fact you allude to—that very fact!" she answered, "You have a secret that corrodes and burns your heart not—a dreadful suffering that you may suppress—you have a secret that might and intensify—a fearful malady that being concealed may be accumulated in power—like it to and longer; relieve your smoldering breast, pour all your sorrows into your wife's bosom, and she will be your guardian angel once more. Oh! believe it. She partly known your secret—she knows that sometimes—I cannot more than suspect—that you have fled your mind—that the clouds gather thick and black—the winds howl—and the lightnings flash—and that all is confusion, danger and terror for a spirit—she also knows that when this storm has passed through your soul, the sun of reason will shine out in its wonted light. She knows all this, and she loves you for knowing us.

He had grown as pale as death while she spoke, his features wearing the expression of despair his eyes were fixed, he dropped his head upon his hands his elbows resting on his knees, and groaned.

"Then it is all at an end, this masquerade. When was it discovered—when? that did I betray myself Sophie, and who knows of this besides your—your—"

"Except your son, no one knows it, Sophie; and I am merciful, or selfish, or proud, and him and running exactly along it keep it from you, Sophie, and I will it from every one else."

"Yes, and increased your own suffering, and that of your son, by the concealment of ours. And, Mr. Wilmore, you would have suffered more in consciousness of your own wrong, and in fear of a scandal. You would have found more difficulty in it, and diminished—done the consequences of your error—have commenced anonymity, you have been a friend and confidant—now you will be at peace, will you not?"

He drew her to his bosom and blessed her. A sensation to enjoy and exhaled all the company. He drew and drawing her arm through his son, entered the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Clippings.

Why people are curious.

"Two bucks who were sitting over a pint of wine, made up for the deficiency of part by the brilliance of their ideas. After many had been passed, one of them took up a nut, and holding it in his friend said, "If this nut were equal, what would it say?" "Why," returned the other, "it would say, give me some wine to crack it."

"Lord Arthur Lennox will at Charleston has been such a depth of over eight hundred feet without a sounding, where sugar has practiced the "cretaceous formation," but to the great disappointment of the thousand of the visitors, he has not appeared.

"Lord Brougham's late resident in the House of Lords has had to receive double as to his senility, his behaviour when sitting on appeals has long been unbecoming, and in any Improper, and in certain cases indecent in the highest degree.

"It is stated that Lord Brougham intends visiting the United States this fall.

"A basket of wheat weighing sixty-two pounds, will contain 210,000 berries.

"The most dangerous kind of bet that has at night is a bet on a sure thing.

"The Book of Esther has ten chapters, but only one hundred and sixty-six lines.

"Galignani's Guide, (a French pamphlet,) says that nearly all the old Parisian families are extinct, and that all the nobility present day are not a thousand persons who can reckon their ancestors further back than the year 1789.

"Coleridge, tracing of the inseparable connection between the moral and the intellectual powers, well as truly, that there are sinners which no man man will treat with reckless while there is a possibility of their finding the way to the conviction and great truth as yet before the heaven.

"The Fourth of July celebration of Independence was read in a certain town in Lancaster, Pa., by the reading of our Declaration of Independence, a Franconian scare, and indignantly asked why Lafayette's name was not there, and made a motion to have it inserted with all speed.

"It has recently been discovered that gas burns very well in the mines of Pennsylvania among glasses.

"The American soldiers receive but four cents a day. Rising their brothers for four cents a day! What an occupation!

"A young ex-convict old lady who always dated from the time "when their house ran away" —to be sure, it was a remarkable begging, and she turned out to be descending it, that "ran away" was a distant reliance on Providence till the wretching ceased to be the gayest of men.

"Trumpery is derived from the French word, tres—trumpery, to deceive.

"As a "fish out of water," the herring is, of all fish, the shortest lived, which gives rise to the vulgar saying of "as dead as a herring."

"Rotary Bay took its name from the great variety of herbs with which it abounds, and was first discovered by Captain Cook in 1770.

"A little boy once rushed into a fight, and after beating the combatants indiscriminately, came one asked him which side he was on. "I beg pardon," was his reply, "I thought it was a free fight."

"Prof. Dr. Johnson, of the Marine-Ch-gurgical Review, tells us, that "the every month" a volume equals in the natural state between seventeen and twenty-one years of age, a year which he tells from the decision of her beauty and personal attractions."

"During one of the recent engagements between the Austrians and Hungarians, near Comorn, a battle-painter, named Lalanzon, was killed by a cannon shot while he was taking a sketch of the fight.

KOSSUTH.

We find in another of our Exchanges, the Boston Courier, a letter dated at Kutayah, the 20th of July, from a correspondent of that paper, who is with the Hungarian army in the field. The letter is very interesting, and we give the following extracts:

"The night before last, the principal part of the army of Kossuth, which is now in the field, came to Kutayah, and yesterday, for it it was the first time, I had the opportunity of seeing the Governor and his suite. I was introduced to him by Mr. Pulszky, who had brought him. I had come under his care, but he, finding that I was an American, and that I had letters to Kossuth set in his own hand, put with a pen in his hand, and I was introduced to

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1849.

A NEW LIGHT.

A new light is here introduced by Mr. Paine, of Worcester, Mass. He calls it Paine's Hydro Electric Light. We find the following description of it in a letter from Worcester, to the editors of the "Ledger:"

I hardly know how to give you a correct idea of the glorious light. Suppose you imagine a piece of the Sun, about the size of a man's countenance in the centre of your office, and you have the best comparison that can be given. As it comes from the lamp it is of a pale blue so small, that it seems to float in the atmosphere; finally it gathers and increases with a clear, bright light, and making Henry's studio a complete day-light room, it is not unlike the rays of the wide street. And another thing, there is no heat connected with it. When Mr. Paine points out his discovery in a circular, some of the statements he has made regarded as a visionary—its cheapness, brilliancy, and absence of heat, being proclaimed as a crazy experimentalist. But now, that success crowns his efforts, and places the name first in the front rank of the inventors of the age, the wonderful have already been won, that "they do would be successful," that "bad every condition is his experiment."

I had an introduction to Mr. Paine this morning, and found him, as I expected, a man of the most genial frame stamped on every feature; modest and retiring, with the intellect to achieve what he correctly to accomplish. He was at his laboratory, in the centre of the business part of the city, and gave me every facility in examining the apparatus which is used in producing the light. The battery is composed of zinc and copper plates, the former consuming the water. The power is the water, which flows from a pipe at the pressure of forty pounds, Mr. Paine does not make public yet.

Perhaps it is clear if there has been any great natural accuracy feat of the gases, which will instantly be followed by a light equal to that of sunlight, and this the cost cannot be made one cent. The view that is expected in the world of science which will cause its appreciation to produce some great result. The cost of the light is not to be considered. The City Council rooms and Public Buildings of Worcester are lighted with it, and in no every other hall or night without the least heat. The light is entirely within the reach of the room, and the cover no fire can be no longer needed.

THE LAST NOVELTY:

A Paris paper gives the following account of a swimming match between two fashionable ladies:

"The fashionable remnant of fashion which yet remains in Paris has become so extravagant that it is could be compatible with the state of the thermometer, by a singular wager which had been executed by two of our most fashionable ladies. This was no less than a swimming match between the Countess de Gramont and the Countess de la Marquise de Rosmon, who undertook to accomplish the distance between the Point Neuf and the Point Notre Dame in a given time. The former had the use of the left hand only, the other to be assisted in holding a green parasol over the head and shoulders of the fair swimmer from the care of the sun, which darted down upon the waters like a furnace.

"At the same moment, the fair Naiads plunged most resolutely down the stream, and for a time they were beheld gliding along rapidly as the stream. The former was attired in a jacket of white satin, trowsers of fine cambresic, white striped with blue, the most beautiful sea-green silk stockings, and a rich cambric, with short sleeves. The Marquise de Rosmon—is of a dark Moorish complexion, and her dress was of a similar description to that of her opponent, with the addition of bands and tassels, while the pallor of her countenance was relieved by a scarf upon a cutter, and shortened round her neck, a la Marie Stuart. Both ladies swam with great spirit and vigor for a single moment, but sustained themselves most heavily—the winner was the choice of Marquise, who was the first to touch by an arm's length. After the match the ladies were conveyed to their carriages, surrounded by all the notabilities of fashion and literature yet remaining in Paris, and were received at the entrance of the ladies' swimming bath at the Hotel Lambert, where dancing and fancywork were kept for the use of ladies.

ANOTHER OVERFLOW.

There has been a tremendous overflow of the Ohio, on the Kanawha to Nashville, and the populations are reported to be under from four to eight feet of water. The loss is very great. The water at the last accounts was rising.

Death or Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 378—adults 147, and children 181.

Biographical.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

We noticed briefly in last week's paper, the death of Albert Gallatin—a name dear to the recollection of American history. He died at Astoria, near New York, in the 88th year of his age. The following brief sketch of his life is from a New York paper:

He was born at Geneva, in Switzerland, in January, 1761. He was left an orphan at an early age, but under the care of a kind relative of his mother, he was enabled to finish his studies at the University of that city, in 1779. One of his teachers was the celebrated Professor Pictet, who became, in 1802, a member of the Legislature of Geneva, and was sent to the Congress of Vienna. He received at Berlin on the 19th of July, 1780. He had a letter of introduction to Count Mirabeau, who was residing at Paris. Soon after he received a letter of introduction to Count Mirabeau, who was residing at Paris. Soon after he received a letter of introduction to Colonel John Allen, Commander of the Port of Machias. In 1780, he went to Boston, and was of the Faculty of Languages, in the University of Harvard. This he left, soon after, for the South, and became acquainted with Jefferson, and also with Patrick Henry. In 1784 he acquired large tracts of land in Pennsylvania, which he afterwards sold to his permanent residence. Troubles among the Indians, and other causes, however, drove the settlers from their cabins, and he settled in Pennsylvania. He was elected, in the Fall of 1790, a member of the Convention of Pennsylvania, and was elected to the Senate of the United States, from the State of Pennsylvania, and he united himself with Jefferson and Madison, in opposing the Federalists. He was elected, in the Fall of 1793, a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and was intermediate elections for President, and became successful colleague, without distinction of color. In 1795 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the State, and continued to be re-elected till 1801, when he was chosen United States Senator. His election was contested on the ground of defective citizenship, but was confirmed by a vote of 17 to 14. He was re-elected in 1803, and was then appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to France, where he remained till 1813, when he was called to the Secretaryship of the Treasury, in 1827, he applied his own powers of intellect to the enlightenment of the public debt, amounting at that time, to over $100,000,000. In 1831, he paid $24,000,000 of the debt under his management. He continued Secretary till 1813, when he resigned his office, to take the appointment from President Madison of Commissioner to negotiate a Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, at Ghent. Associated with him were James A. Bayard, John Q. Adams, Henry Clay, and Jonathan Russell. He also subsequently negotiated the Commercial Treaty, at London, between this country and England. He was afterwards Minister Plenipotentiary to the British Court, under President Monroe. In fact, a great part of his life was spent in the diplomatic service. He was Minister to France, from 1816 to 1823, and within that period he was deputed both to England and the Netherlands. It was in 1826 he was appointed Plenipotentiary at St. James. He returned from London in 1827, and ever since, resided in this city. Though not an ineffective observer of public affairs, he has not since that time, engaged in the political contests of the day, nor assumed the responsibilities of office.

He was been President of the New York Historical Society since the death of Peter Augustus Jay, and established a historical character by the use of that distinguished scholar. In 1836, he published two elaborate pamphlets on the currency, and these can be no doubt, but his labors contributed in no small degree to restore specie payments in that year. He was appointed President of the National Bank shortly after his settlement in New York, and this, together with his completeness and high character, had more influence in producing that consummation than is generally known.

"He has made several valuable contributions to the N. Y. New York Historical and Statistical Societies. Of his great talents as a statesman, his learning as a scholar, and his good qualities as a citizen, we have spoken before. Modest and about a month ago, and he therefore lingered so short a time before his death. We trust that they may be said, in the words of Burns, to have

"Gone down the lone vapor
"He fell the friend of old age, but his intellect failed not to the last."

Miscellaneous.

GEORGEY.

FROM THE LONDON STANDARD OF FREEDOM.

I have given some account of the distinguished Hungarians, Count Teleki, M. Pulszky and Colonel Perczel, who have arrived in England. The following particulars, furnished to me by a select friend of Georgey, and for the accuracy of which, I can vouch, will be read with interest by our readers.

Arthur Georgey is the son of a Saxon peasant, and was born in the village of Toporz, in the county of Zips, in the north of Hungary, in the year 1800. He was therefore in his 49th year when he surrendered at Vilagos. He was educated for the military profession, rapidly rose to the rank of captain, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Count Palffy, Governor of Gallicia. He married a lady of that province, and resided there for many years. He was a favorite with the Emperor Ferdinand, and was the only Hungarian officer who was admitted to the private apartments of the Emperor. He was also a favorite with the Archduke Francis Charles, father of the present Emperor, and with the Archduke Stephen, Palatine of Hungary. He was a favorite with the Archduke Francis Charles, father of the present Emperor, and with the Archduke Stephen, Palatine of Hungary. He was a favorite with the Archduke Francis Charles, father of the present Emperor, and with the Archduke Stephen, Palatine of Hungary.

Georgey's character is described as that of a man of great energy, of a cool and calculating mind, and of a resolute will. He is a man of few words, and is not given to boasting. He is a man of few words, and is not given to boasting. He is a man of few words, and is not given to boasting.

Georgey

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE THREE WISHES.

BY MRS. ACTON THIBAU.

I.

I saw two youths, and saw their child beside them,
Possessing fifty of earth's envied days,
And marvelling what fortunes might betide them,
Throughout the hours this baby's bosom raised.
The one strove on them and second—the sixth.
Was glad as their own hearts beneath it waved mirth.

II.

The eldest-born spoke first—in every feature
Beamed gentle joy unmix'd by grief or guile;
A frank, and brave, unclouded, generous creature,
Whose faults and virtues stood in open file:
"I ask for thee," he said, "o'er crowds to bless—
Give me the soldier's lore, the poet's lays!"

III.

The second spoke—cold, calm, and misrepresented—
He veiled his wrath, and power that wealth might get;
In stronger mould, and sooner, he was fashioned;
"I ask," he said, "for gold, for gold for thee!
Mounds to shew him, counter-thrusts to plunder."

IV.

The fair child spoke—"I would there were no sighing,
No tears to wipe away, where'er I may dwell;
Unknown the misery and the fear of dying!
Untimed in their bright land the cold frowned;
Here change and darkness come o'er all things fair,
And living eyes grow dim 'neath brows of care."

V.

A year had passed—gay was the new May morning;
The birds were soaring in the budding trees,
Where sunrise sprung to life—a solemn warning
The knell of death resounded on the breeze.
White plumes were floating o'er the funeral train;
They bore the young to earth's cold cares again.

VI.

Two! the same friends were there; but two were wanting
In mourning garments sate the funeral bier,
While the fair child beneath the pall was weeping,
Dried up the tears not of much sorrow true!
His wish was granted, and the child was heir
For God had given his beloved rest!

VII.

Two friends by—the glory had departed,
And life's enchantment faded from the eye.
To him, the hard—the brave, and the unclouded—
Who bent to fame in proud idolatry—
Even his fair youth appeared to mock mankind,
Him wondering crowds had followed and admired.

VIII.

Of what avail to him the praises spoken
By stranger tongues, the train that drew his car?
Cut are his cities, in strength and spirit bent,
And was the crowning of the poet's days?
Wreaths deck his tomb, and emblems fall his rest,
And cypress like his own declines him kind.

IX.

And he who asked for wealth—his prayer was granted,
Unblessed, his expense the sum restore;
Jamented the inquiry seemed for which he panted,
The evil hastened, still his throne for more.
Hoarse cold voices in his heart grew loud,
And o'er their sullen answers the lust of gold!

X.

Two! mark his furrowed brow—the fitful gleaming,
Sudden and anxious, of his restless eye—
He knows not whom to trust, how'er fair seeming!
The love he never sought, so watch can buy;
He fears his neighbor, and he hates his heir—
For whom he toiled has—granting him his prayer!

XI.

He was! and hurry with God the coming years:
Thy throne, as thy past, before Him bow,
Shrine in thy heart an idol—desire and fears;
Perplex our days—our hours in sorrow fleet
Trust Him in time and death; be still, and wait;
The calm lane of mercy thread thy feet!

Pictures of Life.

CAPTAIN POSITIVE.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

A French veteran with one arm was seated before the door of his neat cottage one pleasant evening in July. He was surrounded by several village lads, who with some interest listened to the conclusion of his promised story. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, wiped his face with the back of his remaining hand, and began thus —

"In my time, boys, Frenchmen could have seemed to fight with Frenchmen, as the sisters as they do now. No, no, when we fought, it was for the honour of France, and against her foreign enemies. Well, my story begins on the 6th of November, 1813, a short time after the battle of Wurzen. We were hoping a retreat, but before the Russians, for they kept a respectful distance from our rearmounts, but before the hiring cold of their miserable country, more terrible to us than Russians, Austrians, and Savarians put together. For the last days our officers had been telling us that we were approaching Frankfort, where we should be certain of feeding food, fire, beauty, and sheep, but in the meantime we kept perishing in the ice, and perpetually harassed by bands of Cossack riders.

"We had marched for six hours without pausing to draw breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. A bitter wind lurled snow flakes against our faces, and now and then we stumbled over the frozen corpses of our comrades. No singing or talking then! Even the grumblers ceased to complain, and that was a bad sign. I walked behind my captain like a man whose strength failed, ragged and severe, but brave and true as his own sword-blade. We called him Captain Positive; for, if once he said a thing, so it was—no appeal—he never changed his mind. He had been wounded at Wurzen, and his severed red face was now quite pale, while the pieces of an old white handkerchief which he had wrapped round his legs were soaked with blood. I was him first move slowly, then stagger like a drunken man, and at last he fell down like a block.

"Morbleu! Captain,' said I bearing over him, 'you can't die there.'

"'You see that I can, because I do,' replied he, pointing to his limbs.

"'Captain,' said I, 'you mustn't die thus;' and raising him in my arms, I managed to place him on his feet. He leaned on me, and tried to walk a few steps, but he fell once more dragging me with him.

"'John,' said he, 'tis all over. Just leave me here, and you your colonel as quickly as you can. Our rear-guard before you go out. Voyagine, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years old, my—my mother. Go to see her, embrace her, and tell her that—that—that—in whatever you like, but give her this purse and my cross. That's all.'

"'Is that all, Captain?'

"'I said so. Good-by, and make haste.'

"Boys, I don't know how it was, but I did; two tears bursting on my cheeks.

"'No, Captain,' said I; 'I won't leave you—either you shall come with me, or I will stay with you.'

"I forbid your staying.'

"'Captain, you might just as well forbid a woman weeping.'

"'If I escape, I'll punish you severely.'

"'You may place me under arrest then, but you won't, for you must not do so! I please.'

"'You're an insolent fellow!'

"'Very likely, Captain; but you must come with me.'

"He bit his lips with anger, but said no more. I raised him, and placed his body across my shoulders like a sack. You may easily imagine that while bearing such a burthen I could not move as quickly as my comrades. Indeed I soon lost sight of their columns, which presently became nothing but the white mist clean around me. I moved on, and presently there appeared a band of Cossacks, galloping towards me. Their lances glittered, and shouting their fiendish war-cry.

"The Captain was by this time in a state of total unconsciousness, and I resolved, cost what it might, not to abandon him. I laid him on the ground, covered him with snow, and then crept under a heap of my dead comrades, having, however, my eyes at liberty, from the thread-like manner in which I could see the Cossacks ride over the snow, and left, while thirty horses trampled the bodies.—Presently one of them turned aside, and came down on my left arm and crushed it in pieces. Boys, I did not cry a sound; I did not scream, nor do I think my cheek turned into my mouth to keep down the cry of torture, and in a few minutes the Cossacks disappeared.

"When the last of them had ridden off, I crept out and dragged the body of the Captain. He showed few signs of life; nevertheless, I contrived with my one hand, to drag him towards a rock, which afforded a sort of shelter, and there I passed the next hour, wrapping my capote around us. Night was coming on, and the snow continued to fall.—The last of the rearguard had long disappeared, and the only sounds that broke the silence were the whistling of timber bullets, and the nearer howling of the wolves, which were devouring the dead before. God knows what things were passing through my mind that night, which, I felt assured, would be my last on earth. But I remembered the prayer my mother had taught me long ago, when I was a child by her side; and kneeling down I said it fervently.

"I hoped, by this last proof, and deep repentance, that sincere contrition, and my pain, that I should be forgiven, and I felt wonderfully calm when I resumed my place near the Captain. But time passed on, and I was becoming quite numbed, when I saw a party of French officers approaching. Before I had time to attract them, the snow-storm bewildered me, and I resumed in a few minutes—stopped towards me, saying, 'What are you doing here? Why did you stay behind your regiment?'

"For two good reasons,' said I, pointing first to the Captain, and then to my wounded arm.

"The man spoke the truth, sire,' said one of the officers, that I saw him closely behind the column carrying this officer on his back.'

"The Captain!—he, boys, it was he!—gave me one of those looks which only kindle or an Alpine eagle could give, and said,

"'Well. You have done very well.'

"Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his bosom's guest coat, and put it on me. That moment was the proudest and happiest of my life! no more pain in my arm than if that ill-mannered beast had never touched it.

"Dermont,' added the Emperor, addressing the Lieutenant who had spoken, 'cause this man and his Captain to be placed on one of the ammunition waggons.' Adieu!' And waving his hand towards the enemy, he said,

Here the veteran paused, and resumed his pipe.

"I did not, at once, the cross, and what became of Captain Positive, I never learned particularly.

"The Captain still lives, and is now a retired General. The last I saw of him, and it was not to be overwound, he placed me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my breach of discipline! The circumstance rendered Napoleon merry, and after laughing heartily, he not only released me, but promoted me to be a sergeant, and in the next campaign, here is the ribbon, boys: I swear that in my button-hole, but the cross I carry next my heart!" And saluting with his hook, the veteran showed his young friends the precious relic, more valuable to him than a thousand crowns of gold.

AN ELOPEMENT IN OLDEN TIME.

The Savogar Lady Ashburton died at Gosport, England, a short time since, and her history contains the following romantic incident: In 1775, a rich American, and among other incidents of note recorded in a memoir, we find the following, which may be read with interest:

She was the daughter of Hon. William Bingham, a Senator in Congress, and fifty years since at that time was a wealthy and prominent merchant in Philadelphia. The family were among the first in the family were among the leaders of the few in the Quaker city at that period. Then he was identified with the early struggles of the colonies with the mother country, and was recognized as one of the aristocracy, that time when aristocracy implied honor, and not a policy visiting this country. About the period he was elected by the State of Pennsylvania to the Senate then filled in Philadelphia, he had a fair daughter who called a splendid and costly mansion, occupying an entire square of ground, with gardens and all kind of conveniences, erected a brick wall, fronting on Third and Spruce streets, and named it Lansdowne House. In this house he gave been entertained strangers, Senators, and the Cabinet, with princely hospitality. His family lived in princely style, and a very friendly intimacy existed between him and General Washington.

The French Revolution drew numerous exiles to the United States, among others the Count de Moustier, ambassador from the court of Louis XVI. to Washington. The Count was noted for his prodigacy at he was for his wit, and was received in the best society on account of the acquaintance, he was obtained the good opinion and admiration of Mrs. Bingham, and Miss Matilda Worlds, then an only daughter.

In those times, and even since, a noblemen—French, English, or otherwise—was received with marked attention in all wealthy families. There was much patrician blood coursing through the veins of the young Republic—royalty and nobility were not then, as now, at a discount. Marquises, Viscounts and Counts, Princes and Dukes were made their appearance, and young ladies were associated with the titled. The Count de Tilly and Miss Matilda Worlds Bingham is none right in and also bribed some clergymen to unite them. The story was told in the neighborhood, and the whole world of fashion was thrown into the greatest excitement at hearing that Miss Bingham had run away with the Count de Tilly, and that Mrs. Bingham himself—a very honest, well-meaning, but very fashionable woman—was very angry. Her daughter was dreadfully mortified at this rash step of his daughter, then not sixteen years of age. The whole matter was a little singular, for the Count's intelligence was everywhere expressed, and Captain Barry, captain of a packet ship, and a man of fashion, took occasion to thrash the Count for some insolence. The couple was forthwith separated, and the Count was ordered to the table reserved for none time—such an event seldom occurred in the case of gentlemen.

Mr. Bingham almost sunk under the blow, but it became necessary to open some negotiations with the Count, and the son-in-law of the man who was with the girl for her fortune. The Count, in the course of these negotiations, represented himself to be deeply in debt, and that it was impossible to save the country without satisfying his creditors to the amount of £6000, which was paid and secured to the Count before he left the country for France, and was then declared fraudulent. Mr and Mrs. Bingham never recovered from the shock, and died shortly afterwards.

A young English merchant, by the name of Barclay, became acquainted in Philadelphia with a niece to Mr Bingham, and formed an attachment for his daughter, married and carried her home. Mr. Barclay was a member of the firm of the banking-house of Baring & Brothers, was created a baronet under the title of Sir Thomas Baring, and was the negotiator here of the celebrated Ashburton treaty. The Dowager Lady Ashburton, recently deceased, was their girl who had attained so many honors and police gossip when run away so it by the Count de Tilly, at Philadelphia, some fifty years ago.

The Moralist.

GATHERING BLUE-BELLS.

It sometimes happens that, without any particular cause for anxiety or depression, the mind is unaccountably perplexed and distressed. Such was the sad, such seasons even a dream of the night may produce a painful impression, and the recollection of it the regrets cannot altogether be dispelled even by the strongest exertion of our reasoning powers. I have often observed, that in such cases, the mind is, as it were, on a sentinel duties, but in a sacrifice, disconsolate, and unavailing manner. Instead of which, I have laid their sway in the silent and secret recesses of the heart; for we know that it is weak and wrong choices subject ourselves, and are ashamed to seek for sympathy, which indeed can be but sparingly accorded to others. Towards the afternoon I usually feel forth to by the effect of a solitary ramble, knowing this to prove frequently the best restorative for a person of my constitution. Accordingly, one fresh, yet genial afternoon in the early part of the month of May, I set out, with my usual basket and blue bells. But although current as to the employment, I found, on second approach, that the pathway was one child, but an unsightly and deformed cripple of mature years.

I kept my distance, however, and watched the industrious movements of the most unnatural distortion I ever remember to have seen. I observed that although her was but plainly face was rendered yet more ghastly by heavy lines meringue bound around it, and that her scanty garments were scrupulously clean, while her long thin white fingers were expertly stretched forth to pluck the blue-bells, which she added to her store with childish delight.

I volunteered my assistance, and soon cut our more than half was to be found. She thanked me in a sweet low voice, and I seated myself on a bank of moss, and began to arrange her bundle more to my liking. I felt delighted that she was not afraid of me, and that thought was quickly dispelled on hearing her speak, and meeting the earnest, intelligent gaze of her deeply-pensive but bright black eyes.

On sitting down to rest beside her, and enquiring if she was fond of flowers, as she took each piece to collect them. "Oh yes, ma'am" she answered "I love them dearly: they do me so much good with their happy looks and sweet scents. I take them home with me, for they save my pain when I have them near me to speak to. I am but a silly one; though I also remember Him who made bells and put the flowers."

If Mr. Abbey!—these years ago, a dizzy undertaker, Mr., with one of these, and called Mr. Egyptian Hall, which he desired to see. It was requisite, then, before the exhibition should be admitted from the hands of some of the Customs Clerks. Accordingly the gentleman repaired to the Court House, where Court was in session, and applied to the Judge for a warrant, which, after a little trouble, he obtained, by saying, or affirming, or the Judge, for he knew not which, to prevent the genuine coffin from being seized.

"What is it?" asked the Judge.

"Why, my lord," answered he, trying to please the Court, "more than thousand years old," and the Court was satisfied.

"Those thousand years old!" exclaimed the Judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the damned coffin alive?"

Whimsical Inconsistency.—When Dr. Bolton was Rector of Eltham, in Kent, the last he saw in the morning was, "What time?" and the first, "What time?" After reading the text, he made, (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to collect upon the words, with a particular view to those of the people who at the instant was marching very valiantly up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, in the surprise of all present, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the 17th Light Dragoons, and have a leave for six weeks to spend my time with my family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the gentleman who addressed me." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation, that they attempted to listen with more attention to the sole remaining sermon, and proceeded with without considerable difficulty.

A Question for Naturalists.—A boatman, who lately lost his wife, has been exhibited on the canvas of a speaking of a portion of the river, recently singing, "Oh! what shall I do now? Oh! what a loss for an object which to compare in dull conditions, the more hectic tears elicit suggested "a dog's leg?" "Oh!" cried he, "you may laugh now, but you'll cry another day." Are we to infer, then, that dogs' legs are salt? If so, they would be valuable as a stimulant with the other improvements at the Great Exhibition.

Personality.—A short time since, a young lady, and an old gentleman, were seated in a public conveyance, the latter literally engrossed in perusing the letter, of breaking the bulk, and reading a newspaper, which he had just purchased, and he being the result of his examination. The request was, of course, very decidedly complied with, but to his best condition. "Sir" after a long time," she added, "all the directions of my cane was on a remarkable one, and that fresh air and perfect freedom were the only things they could recommend as a cure for me."

He told me the name of the worthy practitioner and had originally intended to call on him, but continued to allow her a small sum weekly, sufficient for her maintenance, until two years previous to her death, when she was left entirely to the care and supply of her benefactor.

Some days, while all over England and Wales, she had supported herself by singing, when able to do so, and by the gifts of the charitable. The poor old woman was accustomed to sing in the open field, while her childish delight in gathering wild flowers, and her simple remarks, seemed to relieve her lonely existence—lonely as that of the leper of old.

The extract added, in a gentle degeneracy tone, but left removed from the whims of the common herd, and originality breathed in every line, and continued to allow her a small sum weekly, sufficient for her maintenance, until two years previous to her death, when she was left entirely to the care and supply of her benefactor.

"There's no mistake," said he, "because the rapids kept a sound in the ears of the vessel."

A Lunatic.—"I say, Bob, you have been to Canton, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, can you speak China?"

"I-o-e, a little; that is, I speak broken China."

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 15, 4, 13, 10, 12, 9, 14 was an orator Greek of the 19th century.

My 2, 12, 14, 13, was an orator Roman of the 19th century.

My 3, 12, 11, 9, was an Indian Historian of the 17th century.

My 4, 5, 15, 3, 10, was an English Dramatist of the 17th century.

My 5, 14, 10, 7, 12, was a French Poet of the 18th century.

My 6, 14, 16, was a learned Jesuit of the 18th century.

My 7, 12, 10, 7, 13, 12, 10, was the founder of a religion in the year 600.

My 8, 5, 15, 11, 9, 10, was an illustrious Grecian Philosopher.

My 9, 14, 12, 10, was one of the Venial Virgins.

My 10, 14, 5, 8, 9, was a Divine of the 17th century.

My 11, 12, 15, 9, 10, was a noted Republican writer of the 17th century.

My 12, 15, 7, 10, was a Roman Historian.

My 13, 12, 15, 4, was a champion of Swiss liberty.

My 14, 15, 12, 10, was a Roman Historian of the 17th century.

My 15, 12, 10, 7, 12, was a King of the Huns in the 5th century.

My 16, 10, 15, 14, was a French magistrate in the 17th century.

My whole is a distinguished English Statesman and Member of Parliament at the reign of George the 3rd.

K. F.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 19, 15, 3, 21, 6, is an acid.

My 2, 1, 7, 3, increases vegetation.

My 3, 19, 15, 3, 21, 6, is an acid.

My 4, 14, 12, is a fish.

My 5, 14, 12, 3, is a mineral.

My 6, 7, 2, is a noun.

My 7, 3, 14, is a noun.

My 8, is a consonant.

My 9, 10, 11, 12, is a city.

My 10, 1, 7, 3, is a mischievous animal.

My 11, 1, 10, 15, is a title of nobility.

My 12, 13, is a vowel.

My 13, is a vowel.

My 14, 15, 16, is a liquid.

My 15, 11, 3, 9, 11, 5, is a bird.

My 16, 17, 1, is a branch of Philadelphia.

My 17, 1, 6, is a domestic animal.

My whole is a republican writer in South America, the vocation of which is learned in a species of Science from the nature of which he derived his name.

E. S. T.

CHARADE.

My first (an month of the bay of Benin),
My second (a fish), my whole (a sin).

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A true 100 foot high standing on an inclined plane broke and fell on the plain in such a manner that the top of the tree struck the plain at the same time as the bottom of the distance from the root of the tree in a horizontal line to the broken point from the bottom of the tree was 60 feet, what was the length of the tree?

II.

In a certain Partnership made business & gains $775 74, and his advances were $456 24 more than his. If his share of the gains was $432 99, what was the amount of his capital?

What are their respective shares?

Y.

CONUNDRUMS.

E'er in which of the Planets would a man be like a chicken before it is hatched?

Ans.—In Mercury, for he shell.

E'er Concern a fig into the figure of a man?

Ans.—F-I-G.

E'er When does a boy become his own mother's master?

Ans.—When he is a-bread. (A true sore.)

E'er Why is the day not so merry as the night?

Ans.—Because it is nighter.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA
CALVERT—CECIL—PENN
WASHINGTON AND RELIGIOUS TOLERATION SECURED.

REBUS.
WORDS—OMNIA BEAUTIFUL—ALL—ARE—NOT—MEANT—WORDS.

CHARADE—CAT-TOP-PLANT.

E'er Dotterbach's Quadrupeds, published August 1st, 1851, by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 2 vols., 8 post and nearly 2 gills or decimally 600 80 cubic inches.

The First Lord.—A man's look is the watch of years. It is stamped on the countenance by the cares of his life: say, more, by the hand of nature, and it is the last gift of early. There is all it has been cherished especially; something in a woman's appearance that is not what, which we cannot like, and which gives us an instinctive dislike, which is overlooked in a multitude of other circumstances till the mask is thrown off, and we see the hideous character veiled in the pleasant manner in the vogue! We are struck at first, and by chances, with what is peculiar and characteristic; also, with permanent traits and general effects. These attentions go of in a set of unmeaning commonplaces details. This sort of prima facie evidence, then, till the mask is thrown off, and we see the hideous character veiled in the pleasant manner in the vogue! We are struck at first, and by chances, with what is peculiar and characteristic; also, with permanent traits and general effects. These attentions go of in a set of unmeaning commonplaces details. This sort of prima facie evidence, then, till the mask is thrown off, and we see the hideous character veiled in the pleasant manner in the vogue!

E'er When a lie gets into the world, you may bather it about the head until life is appreciated extinct, but next day you will meet it as fresh and vigorous as ever.

Selected Articles.

A MOMENT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The breath of a moment—which no one regrets—
Has closed the key to each secret of life;
The a "moment" that oft our long wanting re-
Has ended in strife!

And unless the dark wastes of torture and strife;
The a moment that oft our long wanting re-
A power the unlearned our being can know,
Is a moment's pool in a kiss—nothing more.

A moment comes on its darkness and woe!

Its circle may flesh with a beauty that ages
Its moments to immortal, and years to dark;
A moment may question the wisdom of sages,
And a moment may bring down the wrath of earth.
A moment—the seat of the passions and feel to
Is the birth-place of virtue, and vice from which spirit flies!
A moment—oh! moon let the joyful record it,
And the moon of the heart's height 'reveal aspire!

Go, ask of the hero when victory ascended,
What glory a moment of time may command;
Ask the inventor, whose name is a star in the
heavenly,
How moments have lighted the darkness of land!

Two points more may be worth mention—the one, that a certain Cambridge undergraduate, Mr. Willis, solved the mystery by fair reasoning from facts, and published his solution, while the "gentle public" so obviously were still in utter darkness—the other, that it was not remarkable for its ingenuity, was the hidden performer, the Automaton lost but one game, and that was to Mr. Willis, who, after playing the odds of "pawn and move." This, no doubt, was readily attributable to that gentleman's great skill; but we must not forget that the automaton was compelled to play with its left hand, and that it now obtained a most desirable uniformity—all other Europe (with the exception of Mr. Sage!) it is played alike; so also in the New World and in British India. In China these still prevails a dissimilarity in the game. It is a work of little concernment to say but the celebrated Automaton Chess-player, if not the original, is now a new and very general male prevails. To point out one or two technicalities—the Italian mode of carrying the pawn, pugg, mate, and to exchange places, or occupy any intermediate square, is by no means unknown to the "Chess-player," at an advance pawn's first move, is unanimously admitted, as is the choosing what piece one will let go or touch, and what one will not, if in doubt, of a dozen games at once. An amusing instance of inconvenient in the mechanism stalemate as a drawn game.

Another advantage has arisen from the multiplication of clubs, which have established a code of various rules, viz. that the strict game is ever played, and that the most inexperienced hears of advantages offered by a heedless adversary, which could often to make winners of those who had received back two or three leading pieces in the course of the game. These were a source of unpleasant discussion, and have now entirely disappeared. We confess we have no notion of rewarding an opponent for's overnights. We would show him as he deserves to be shown up, and there's an end of it. Charenton. Nay, we should be moved hereto by our sympathies for the weaker party, and we can see no reason for why should we teach him vacillation and headlessness? But should you have an opponent not to be shown up, and yet requiring a lesson, it is not so commend to you a suggestion of Mr. Richard Lewis, that "some hints" are as judicious as they are quaint.

Some persons, (he says) when they are playing with a stranger, or an opponent who is not much a back move, let him do as the first time; then, when circumstances call for it, they make use of the move which was given them, and the new game is entirely pointed out to them, they say that they never take back a move, but that they are ready to begin another game.

* Stockholm holds certain privileges by a curious custom, which is not to be found elsewhere, and the ordinary one is many important persons.

Bulmer and Evening Arab.—A London paper says that Mr. Bulmer, the proprietor of the Illustrated London News Library, in his praise to the present editors of "Eugene Aram," has been highly gained by that romance, and will materially lend to the success of the Weekly Issue of the London Evening Arab. Says the author: "On going with Mariner judgment over all the evidence on which Aram was convicted, I entertain a strong belief that although an accomplice in the robbery at Knaresborough, he was not guilty of the murder of Clark, and the actual deed of murder." So through at the conviction of Sir Edward on this point, and finally has that conviction been overturned, and he says further as: "Failing my convictions, that Aram was not guilty of the murder of Clark, and the opinion of many eminent lawyers, by whom I have heard the subject discussed, I have accordingly so staged his conclusion to Walter."

The Housekeeper.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

To Sweeten Rancid Butter.—Place the rolls in pure water, in which there have been potatoes boiled, for 10 or 20 days, changing it from time to every two pounds of butter. Work the butter thoroughly, so as to bring every particle in contact with the liquid and then freshen it in cold spring-water for two hours, or longer, if rancidity is very great. Work, after which sufficient and repeat the absence in fresh water.

To Purify Eggs.—Select as many fresh laid eggs as you please, clean them, lay them in some quite hard, remove the shells and deposit them in ash. Then pour over them scalding vinegar, well spiced with cayenne pepper, which will penetrate the egg, and a few ounces of ginger. When cold, cover them close, and in a few days you will find the whole eggs prepared in this manner make an excellent accompaniment for cold meat. It is a good plan to boil the eggs for a few minutes before you put them in the vinegar, as then the eggs to appear perfectly smooth and unscathed.

To Purify Ochres.—Divest them of the skin, and put them in a saucepan of pale, with sufficient water to cover them. A few mustard seeds and a blade of mace may be added. If it be desirable to preserve the flavor of the onions a spoonful of salad oil may be added.

To Make Tender Cheese.—Cut in slices, and put in a saucepan with a little water, which is sufficient to cook it, and a little cream, butter, pepper, and salt, and stir frequently, until the cheese is melted, and the whole is of the consistency of cream. Serve with toasted bread.

To Clean Silver.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the silver, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Plate.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the silver, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Brass.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the brass, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Iron.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the iron, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Steel.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the steel, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Copper.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the copper, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Tin.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the tin, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Zinc.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the zinc, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Lead.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the lead, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Pewter.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the pewter, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Britannia.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the britannia, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Ivory.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the ivory, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Bone.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the bone, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Horn.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the horn, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Tortoise-shell.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the tortoise-shell, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Mother-of-pearl.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the mother-of-pearl, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Coral.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the coral, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Amber.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the amber, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Jet.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the jet, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Ebony.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the ebony, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Rosewood.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the rosewood, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Mahogany.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the mahogany, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Walnut.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the walnut, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Oak.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the oak, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Pine.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the pine, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Cedar.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the cedar, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Spruce.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the spruce, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Fir.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the fir, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Larch.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the larch, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Yew.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the yew, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Holly.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the holly, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Ivy.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the ivy, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Laurel.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the laurel, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Myrtle.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the myrtle, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Rosemary.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the rosemary, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Thyme.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the thyme, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Sage.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the sage, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Mint.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the mint, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Parsley.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the parsley, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Fennel.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the fennel, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Dill.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the dill, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Caraway.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the caraway, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Coriander.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the coriander, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Anise.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the anise, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Cumin.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the cumin, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Fenugreek.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the fenugreek, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Saffron.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the saffron, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Turmeric.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the turmeric, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Ginger.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the ginger, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Cinnamon.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the cinnamon, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Cloves.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the cloves, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Nutmeg.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the nutmeg, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whiting. Wash it in water, and wipe it dry.

To Clean Mace.—Put a piece of soda in a saucepan of water, and when it boils put in the mace, and let it remain for a few minutes, then take it out and rub it with a soft leather and whi